

who delight in the ultra. For the more conservative, plain black-and-white patterns in hair are preferable. Wigs of this style come in checks, stripes and plaids. Polka-dots are affected by some, but the dilettantes in dress consider them extremely bour-

geois, suggesting, as they do, dusting caps and aprons.

For the theater, the best style of coiffure is a soft black-and-white plaid. Managers have banned loud checks, claiming that they spoil the acoustics of the house.

THE PLUMED POLTROONS OF PRIVILEGE

We used to call these citizen-soldier boys "lady killers" and—smile.

The smile is now a sob. A sob in Colorado, where women and children are ridden down and sabered by mounted militiamen.

We taught our "gallant" citizen-soldier the art of war. We put on him the uniform of force. We gave him the weapons of death.

Then we turned him over to greed to act as policeman for privilege, to shoot down the wages of the oppressed.

In 15 years the only call for our state militia has been in "labor wars," and in the end these soldiers have not only turned against the workers. That was natural to expect, perhaps, because that appears to be the job of the citizen-soldier. But they have also turned against the wives and daughters and bairns of the workers and in a civilized land, under orders of their officers, have changed themselves into cruel, savage brutes.

Our newest lesson comes from Colorado. Down the streets rode these American Cossacks who but yesterday looked at service in the state militia as a joke, a diversion from the monotony of work. They saw only the glitter of gold lace, the flash of bayonets in parade, the smiles that the fair gave to the brave.

Today they hate and lust for blood and the cruelty of power nerves their arms.

The "lady killer" who won with smiles, who attracted by his plumage, has become real.

The sons of women, taught in the profession of war, garbed in the uniform of force, now war upon women—hungry, needy, desperate women—hungry, ill-clad, shivering little children.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME

The action of a Missouri minister who recently censured one of his congregation for going to sleep during the sermon reminds me of the experience of Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, in making his first budget statement before the Calcutta, India, council. Sir Guy blames it on the climate which he says has much to do with the amount of sleep a man requires. In India sleep overtakes people at the most unexpected moments.

On the occasion in question, the room was abnormally hot and close when Sir Guy got up to read. Partly due to the heat of a Calcutta sum-

mer day and partly to weariness at the length of the report, one by one, every single member of the council dropped off into a deep sleep. Finally, Sir Guy says, he himself actually fell asleep in the course of the delivery of his statement. This surpasses the feat of the late Duke of Devonshire who paused in the middle of his maiden speech in Parliament to yawn.

GOOD REASON

"Truth is stranger than fiction," quoted the Wise Guy. "That is merely because we are not so well acquainted with it," replied the Simple Mug.